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THE MEMORIAL LIBRARY
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Please acknowledge receipt to
REV. DANIEL MARVIN,
Manchester-by-the-Sea,
Mass.

DEDICATION SERVICES

OF

THE MEMORIAL LIBRARY AND GRAND ARMY HALL

AT MANCHESTER-BY-THE-SEA, MASSACHUSETTS

OCTOBER 13, 1887

BOSTON
RAND AVERY COMPANY, PRINTERS
The Franklin Press
1888

T. Jefferson Coolidge
409 2-96
Feb. 7. 1887

ARCHITECTURAL NOTES.

THE EXTERIOR design of the building was made by Mr. C. F. McKIM, architect, and is of a character frequently noticed on the French side of the Channel. The Memorial Window was designed by him; the glass executed by Mr. MAITLAND ARMSTRONG and Messrs. LOUIS C. TIFFANY & Co.; the central panel, bearing the inscription, is of Mexican onyx. The Screen in the Library is in the style of French Renaissance, and built out of fragments of oak-carving brought from Morlaix, Brittany, by Mr. McKIM, in 1878, and valuable both as carving and as an example of the best Renaissance wood-work of Brittany churches of the sixteenth century. Other parts of the Screen and surrounding panelling are of American quartered oak, antique finished, and executed from designs of the Architect by Mr. JOSEPH CABUS of New York. The principal inscription over the arch is taken from Carlyle's version of Goethe's: "*Choose well, your choice is brief and yet endless.*" The roof of the Library-room was suggested by the old library of Merton College, Oxford, twelfth century. The slabs in Memorial Hall are of yellow Numidian (African) marble.

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THE MEMORIAL LIBRARY AND GRAND ARMY HALL.

Dedication Services.

AT A PUBLIC MEETING of the citizens of Manchester, in the Coolidge Memorial Building, Thursday afternoon, Oct. 13, 1887, Daniel Leach, Esq., Chairman of the Building Committee, called the meeting to order, and spoke as follows: —

ADDRESS OF MR. DANIEL LEACH.

FELLOW-CITIZENS, — It is no ordinary occasion that has called us together to-day. No generation that has preceded us in this old town of Manchester has ever met on an occasion like the present one. The dedication of a building for a free Public Library forever, and a Memorial to our fathers and brothers whose lives were sacrificed in order that the Nation might live, — this is our privilege to-day.

A brief history of some of the efforts of the friends of the Library and the Soldiers' Memorial Hall may not be out of place here.

At the annual town meeting of 1878, a committee of five was chosen, to co-operate with a committee of three from Post 67, G. A. R., to obtain plans of a Soldiers' Monument, its cost not to exceed fifteen hundred dollars, and one-half of that to be raised by private subscription. A year was taken for deliberation by this committee, and a report made at the annual meeting in 1879. That report was recommitted, with instructions to present plans and expenses of a Soldiers' Memorial Building in connection with a building for a Public Library. Report was made at an adjourned meeting, and laid over to the next annual meeting, 1880, at which it was recommitted, with instructions to bring in plans and expense of a building for Library, Memorial Hall, and quarters for Post 67, G. A. R. A report was made in June, and accepted; but after two years' labor of the committee, they failed to secure an appropriation, and the project was permitted to slumber till the annual meeting of 1886, when the matter was again brought before the town. The result is now before you.

Thanks to the munificence of Mr. Coolidge (he must forgive the free use of his name to-day, for from the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh), we have before us a Library room which is beautiful and convenient, a blessing to the community, and an honor to the donor. We have also a Memorial Hall, which the Town of Manchester dedicates this day to the memory of her soldiers and sailors, whose names are engraved on tables of stone on these surrounding

walls, and which shall be read and remembered by generations yet unborn.

The committee claimed of the donor of the building, the privilege of erecting these tablets at the expense of the Town.

And these beautiful rooms are to be used by the members of Post 67, G. A. R., and are in close proximity to the hall where are recorded the names and fate of their fallen comrades.

In this connection we would not fail, fellow-citizens, to dedicate yonder beautiful memorial window, with its emblems of Literature and Art, of War and Peace, in the language of the inscription which it bears: "In grateful acknowledgment of the munificence and public spirit of Thomas Jefferson Coolidge, his fellow-townsmen have set this window, 1886."

Nor should we fail to acknowledge also the gift of the design for this window, and the superintendence of its construction, by Mr. C. F. McKim, the architect, who has manifested great personal, as well as professional, interest in the whole structure. Seconded by the generous donor of the building, he has spared no pains or expense to give us, in his own language, "the best of every thing."

And it occurs to me at this moment, that we should dedicate this desk now before us, to the memory of the old mulberry-tree, which for the past fifty years or more has stood in the foreground of the spot where this building now stands.

ADDRESS OF T. JEFFERSON COOLIDGE, ESQ.

Honorable Selectmen, Ladies, and Fellow-Townsmen.

Before making my speech, I wish to thank you all for the agreeable surprise you have given me this morning. I refer to the window in the Hall, which I saw for the first time to-day. Its beauty is extraordinary, and it will add greatly to the effect of the building; and it is particularly agreeable to me as showing the thoughtfulness and kindly feelings of my fellow-townsmen.

A short time after I became a citizen of your beautiful town, I was invited to attend a meeting of the "Elder Brethren." These gentlemen, as you know, console themselves once a year for being over fifty years of age, by eating chowder and making speeches. Both are very good. I can speak impartially, because, though I can neither make a chowder nor a speech, I like them both. At this meeting, my friend Mr. Bingham made an impressive appeal for a new Library Building and a Memorial Hall. The words sank deep in me; and, although I said nothing, I made up my mind to assist whenever the Town came to the conclusion that such a building ought to be erected. I mention this fact to show you that you owe the

In Grateful
Acknowledgment
of the
MVNIFICENCE
PVBLIC SPIRIT
THOMAS JEFFERSON
COOLIDGE
His
TOWNSMEN
MDCCCLXXXX

suggestion of this building first to the Elder Brethren, and secondly to Mr. Bingham.

But we all owe a still greater debt of gratitude to Mr. Knight and Mr. Leach. They overlooked every plan, watched over every detail, and it is owing to their untiring interest and industry that we stand here to-day ready to dedicate the building. They may well be proud of their child. Mr. McKim, the architect, has done his best, and I think he has put up a structure which will not only last for all time, but will grow in the esteem of all of us.

When we view the remains of Grecian art, we do not at first admire their simplicity and beauty. We have to wait some time before we begin to appreciate them. I think it will prove the same with this building. Copied from an old library in England, it is so different from the structures of to-day, that we do not realize its simple beauty; but it will grow on us more and more, and I hope will become a matter of pride to the Town, and of lasting reputation to Mr. McKim.

In the mean time the hoarded wisdom within its walls will increase, and fill up the room which is now prepared for books. It is not always desirable that a library should increase rapidly. The great danger is, I think, that the Town, in order to gratify the demands of the young people for light literature, will buy the novels of the day. My feeling is, that a library is for the education of the young, and the amusement of old age.

Now, what is education? It is not the acquiring by heart of a multitude of facts, for these we can find in an encyclopædia. It is the strengthening of the mind, so that a man can give his undivided attention to one subject during a severe and long-protracted study. The great lawyer is not the man who can refer to the right spot on the bookshelf for his law. This is a great convenience; but it is the first step, which might be equally well performed by an index. The great lawyer is the man who can concentrate his mind sufficiently on the case to see into its inmost depths, and tear out from it the important point on which the whole matter depends. The education of the brain is like the training of the body, — repeated and repeated exercise of the muscles until they can bear a long-continued and intense strain. It is for that reason that many people prefer the teaching of Greek and Latin, in colleges, to that of the sciences. The Greek and Latin are forgotten; but the arduous work of acquiring the classics is thought by them to prepare the mind better than natural history or chemistry, which call out observation rather than work. Now, gentlemen, reading is necessary to education, but that reading should require thought. The man who takes up the average novel, and hurries through it, has taken no mental exercise. It has gone in one ear and out of the other. Instead of strengthening his memory or his judgment, it has been merely a pleasant sensation, like smoking and dreaming. I do not object to novels, for they

afford much pleasure; but I think a library should consist, first of all, of books of reference.

Everybody in Manchester, whatever his trade or his profession, should be able to go to the Library and find out an answer to the question which perplexes him. If a clergyman, he should be able to trace the doctrines of St. Bruno or Jeremy Taylor; if a shipwright, the different and the best modes of constructing a vessel. This is the great and primary object of a collection of books. Next in importance come volumes of science and history, geography and politics, which increase our knowledge of men and things; and, lastly, what we call light literature, which is, in my judgment, merely the sweetmeat served after the solid and nourishing dishes of the dinner. I trust the Town Library Committee will excuse me for expressing any opinion on the subject.

But this building is meant, gentlemen, for other objects than education. We wish to commemorate the dead, the honored dead, who went forth when liberty was at stake, when the country was in danger, and endured the terrible hardships of war to the bitter end. I staid at home. I look back to it with regret; but my brothers joined the Union Army, and one of them laid down his life at the battle of Chickamauga. His name stands engrossed in the Memorial Hall at Cambridge. Like Cambridge, the Town of Manchester has not made the names of her sons illustrious by putting them in marble; they were illustrious before; but she has shown that she

appreciated her children, and deserved to be the mother of heroes.

The other room in the building is reserved for the soldiers who came through the war without losing their lives; and the least we can do, as long as they live, is to give them a comfortable room where they can meet to talk over old stories, to shoulder the crutch, and show how fields were won, and to assist one another by sympathy and good feeling.

Honorable Selectmen, I hand you herewith a deed of gift of this Memorial Building. Please accept it as a sign of the affection I bear your sea-girt town, and of a desire to return the kindness I have met from all of you. I hope it may prove an incentive to study; that our children in acquiring knowledge may, at the same time, learn from its walls lessons of devotion and patriotism.

At this point in the exercises, Mr. Coolidge handed over to Mr. Samuel Knight, one of the Selectmen of the Town, the deed of gift and the keys of the building.

ADDRESS OF MR. SAMUEL KNIGHT,

Chairman of Selectmen, accepting the deed of gift from Mr. Coolidge.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen, Mr. Coolidge.

It gives me great pleasure, occupying as I do at this time the position of one of the Selectmen of Manchester, to receive from you, in behalf of the Town, the deed of gift of this beautiful building. In accepting it, words of mine I know cannot express the feeling of gratitude that fills all of our hearts to-day.

We feel, sir, that this act of yours satisfies a want long felt by the people of Manchester, of more suitable rooms for its Public Library, and enables us also to erect memorial tablets in honor of those who sacrificed their lives that the Nation might continue its existence, as well as to provide commodious apartments wherein those who still survive may meet around the camp-fire for mutual counsel and relief.

That this building will long continue a monument to your liberality, and a credit to the genius of him whose ideas have here found expression, those of us who have so long watched and waited for its completion can truly testify. And I feel,

sir, that the inhabitants of this Town, one and all, gladly unite with me in a grateful recognition of your princely gift.

Please accept through me the thanks of this entire community for your present; and may generations yet unborn feel with me that they have good reason to bless the hour in which you determined to cast your lot amongst us.

ADDRESS OF MR. SAMUEL KNIGHT,

Chairman of Selectmen, on presenting the Library room to the Trustees.

Mr. Chairman, — I am reminded on this occasion of a prophecy, which is said to have emanated from you, to the effect that Manchester would one day become the happy possessor of a building similar to this. And it seems, sir, that this must be a sort of red-letter day, to you especially, bringing to you the realization of one of your fondest hopes.

And now, sir, representing as you do the Trustees of the Public Library, it becomes my pleasing duty to turn over to your care and keeping yonder beautiful Library room. May it be an incentive to you and your colleagues to continue with renewed earnestness the zeal you have so long manifested in behalf of this institution. May your future efforts to provide entertaining and instructive lessons for our people be attended with that full measure of success which has crowned your efforts in the past. And when at last you too shall be relieved of these arduous though pleasing duties, may you retire with the proud sense of satisfaction that your labor has not been in vain, and that a grateful people fully appreciate your unselfish work.

ACCEPTANCE OF KEYS BY MR. DANIEL LEACH.

Mr. Daniel Leach, in answer to the foregoing address, spoke as follows: —

In behalf of the Board of Trustees of the Public Library Building, it gives me great pleasure to receive from you, representing in your official capacity the Town of Manchester, these keys, and with them the responsibility as custodians of so beautiful a building, and rooms so well adapted to the uses of a public library. We receive the trust with renewed obligation for the future. So long as this trust shall be imposed upon us, we hope to discharge its duties, as in the past, according to our best ability.

In the year 1871 the Town received from the Lyceum Library Association the gift of their library, on the condition that it should appropriate a certain sum annually for the care and increase of the same. At the same meeting it appropriated six hundred dollars for the purchase of books, and three hundred dollars to fit up rooms for their accommodation in the old schoolhouse building. In addition to this amount, Mr. John H. Towne, Mr. Charles H. Trask, and Mr. Lewis N. Tappan each contributed one hundred dollars for the purchase of books. A code of by-laws was adopted, and a board of

three trustees was chosen, two of whom have served to the present time. Thus, sixteen years ago, the Manchester Free Public Library was launched, and proceeded on its voyage, with what success the citizens must decide. The Board of Trustees feel amply repaid for all their services in the past, in seeing the Library so permanently and safely located. We trust to see it in its new location a constantly increasing blessing to this community, and a source of pleasure to the generous donor of the building. We yet hope to have a fund, — the nucleus of which is already started, — the income of which shall be sufficient to maintain and increase the Library.

ADDRESS OF MR. SAMUEL KNIGHT,

Chairman of Selectmen, in presenting Memorial Hall to Post 67, G. A. R.

Mr. Commander of Post 67, G. A. R.

It becomes my pleasing duty, by virtue of my position as chairman of the Selectmen of Manchester, to tender to you, as the representative of the Post, the keys of this beautiful Hall, the completion of which we have watched with so much interest. Words of mine are insufficient to express in adequate language all that is implied in this generous gift of our fellow-townsman; but of this I am quite certain: the people of Manchester, ever mindful of her soldiers, have only waited for an opportunity like this to decide as to what form their memorial should take.

Hence we erect these tablets to the honor and glory of those who, at their country's call, turned their backs upon home and all that makes life pleasing and desirable, save honor, and courted disease and death, that the Nation might live.

To you who not many years since bivouacked in the swamps and upon the banks of the rivers, or, perchance, did

duty upon the deck of some proud war-ship, I invite you, in behalf of our townspeople, to pitch your camp within these massive walls, undisturbed by bugle-call or midnight alarm.

Accept this tribute from a grateful people. Let these touching mementos and this honorable recognition help and inspire you, and, as you pass on upon the down-hill road of life, may your latter days be spent peacefully and calmly; and, when you are called upon to answer to the last roll-call, may you receive your reward from above.

RESPONSE OF COMMANDER HENRY T. BINGHAM.

Mr. Chairman, — In receiving from you, as the representative of the Town, these keys, I accept them in behalf of Allen Post No. 67, G. A. R., which Post I have the honor to command. By this act the Town of Manchester, supplemented by the noble generosity of one of her adopted citizens, has given to us these beautiful and convenient apartments, for our own use and comfort, so long as Post 67 shall exist. Here we will make our home, and establish our headquarters. Here will we raise the dear old flag we followed when it cost the lives of many of our gallant comrades to uphold and protect it; and here around our camp-fires will be told the thrilling personal experiences — and some ludicrous ones as well — of the late conflict, wherein we learn the unpublished history of the war. The principles and objects of the Grand Army are so well known and understood by you all, that I will not trespass on our limited time to repeat them now. I am led to ask, Why has this Post — the smallest organization of men within your borders — been selected, to the exclusion of all others, to be the recipient of this great favor? Why have you established this "Roll of Honor," and inscribed on these enduring tablets the names of our townsmen "who

died for our country"? Because a grateful people, impressed with their obligations to these men, and wishing to commemorate and perpetuate the memory of our noble dead, have taken this method of expressing, in some tangible and lasting form, their gratitude and appreciation of our humble services and their heroic death, coupled, no doubt, with the hope that this testimonial will inspire the young men of the present and those of future generations with such an intense spirit of patriotism and loyalty to our beloved country that they will fly to her defence should the rights or liberties of our people ever again be assailed, either by foreign or domestic foes.

Mr. Chairman, our order can have no successor.

One by one we silently fall out, and our places remain vacant. When the last surviving veteran of this Post shall have closed these doors for the last time, and answered his last roll-call on earth, and joined the ranks of the Grand Army above, then may this gift which we have received to-day be returned to the officials of the Town; let them reverently gather together our papers and books of record, and arrange and preserve them in yonder Library, where all who wish may read the history which we as an organization have made and completed.

ANTHEM, "Send forth Thy Word," was sung by the choir, led by David B. Kimball, Esq.

ADDRESS OF MR. D. L. BINGHAM, LIBRARIAN.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen.

Before proceeding with the task allotted to me, I wish to thank Mr. Coolidge for the good counsel he has given to us in regard to the selection of books. The "flowing dreams" of the novelist have occupied too large a place in our minds.

It seems very proper on this occasion to speak of the old Lyceum Library. Started nearly sixty years ago, it grew out of the Lyceum Association, and was really a part of it. I find no account of any preliminary meetings, though no doubt there were such. The object of the Association is very briefly stated in the First Article of the Constitution, as follows: —

"This Society shall be called The Manchester Lyceum; its object shall be the promotion of useful knowledge." The Constitution was adopted Feb. 10, 1830. Soon after the formation of the Lyceum, a movement was made to form a Library. In the same year, on the 9th of April, a committee was chosen to draught rules and regulations for the Library. Ezekiel W. Leach, John E. Bohonon, and Benjamin Leach constituted the committee. April 22, the rules and regulations for the government of the Library were adopted, and the work of forming it was

commenced. The nucleus of this Library was composed of books contributed by members of the Association. Some of those are in our Library now. The officers of this pioneer Association were: —

DR. ASA STOREY	PRESIDENT.
DELUCENA L. BINGHAM	VICE-PRESIDENT.
JOSEPH KNOWLTON	SECRETARY.
JOHN LEE	TREASURER.

CURATORS.

HENRY F. LEE. DAVID MORGAN.

COMMITTEE.

JOHN P. ALLEN. EZEKIEL W. LEACH.
LARKIN WOODBERRY. DANIEL ANNABLE.
DAVID MORGAN.

Any person could become a member of the Society by paying an annual subscription of fifty cents, and signing the Constitution. Article 9 declares that "The regular exercises of the Society shall be, original dissertations, lectures on scientific and other practical subjects, and a debate to be open to all the members." Dr. E. W. Leach delivered the introductory lecture on March 3. The Rev. Samuel M. Emerson followed with a lecture on "The Method of conducting Debates." Dr. Asa Storey delivered three lectures on "Natural Philosophy." John Price lectured on "Schools and Methods of Government." Tyler Parsons, Joseph Knowlton, and Daniel Kimball of Ipswich complete the list of lecturers during the first year of the Lyceum. The meet-

ings for discussion were always well attended, and the people took a deep interest in the questions brought before them. Some of the questions were very practical; such as, "Is the present system of repairing roads judicious?" and "Ought property to constitute the right of suffrage?"

In the list of one hundred and twenty members were found nearly all the principal men of the town, and most of them took part in the discussions. The Lyceum was well sustained for four years, and these were years of great intellectual activity in our town; I may add, they were years of progress. The subjects of the lectures, and the questions discussed, were talked about on the streets and in the shops. During this period the Lyceum Library gradually increased to several hundred volumes. When the Lyceum declined, the Library still remained, and increased slowly.

In 1865 the Lyceum was revived. Its Constitution, somewhat altered and amended, was adopted Feb. 7. Its officers were: —

Dr. GEORGE A. PRIEST	President.
D. B. KIMBALL	Vice-President.
L. F. DUPEE	Secretary.
SAMUEL W. TUCK	Treasurer.
Rev. E. P. TENNEY	Librarian.

The terms of membership were the same as under the old organization, — fifty cents per annum, and signing the Constitution. The new organization started with one hundred

and sixty-four members, male and female, — differing in this respect from the old, as that was composed entirely of males. The new movement was kept up with considerable interest for three years, alternating with lectures and debates. During this period the Library was increased to nearly one thousand volumes; and from this time (1868) until it passed into the hands of the Town (1871), little addition was made to it. The following quotation from the closing record of the Secretary, Mr. G. F. Allen, may be of interest to those who bore a part in the departed Association: "So ends the Manchester Lyceum (first formed in 1830). It was a useful Association, and, in the forty years of its existence, met the wants of the people as no other association could. Having performed its mission, if not as its founders wished, certainly with great credit to its many sustainers, it gives way to a new order of things; but though dead in name, it lives in principle and influence."

That the men who started the Lyceum in 1830 builded better than they knew, we can scarcely doubt. Of the large number who took an active part in it at the beginning, but few remain. I can recall only the names of the following venerable deacons of the Orthodox Church: Mr. John Price and Mr. A. E. Lowe, of those who took active part in the Lyceum revived in 1865. A goodly number who took some part are now living, both men and women, and are still interested in the work of public education. Our valuable Library, starting with a few hundred volumes in 1830, now numbers about five

thousand. Long limited in its income, and kept in quarters that checked its growth and lessened its usefulness, it is now, by the timely generosity of a large-minded and noble-hearted citizen, placed in apartments so roomy and attractive that all who love that knowledge and wisdom found in good books will find delight in entering its doors.

By this costly and useful gift, and the fine manner of the giving, the donor has endeared himself to all of us. And now, dear friends, permit me to urge upon you the importance of making the most of this valuable institution. Let your reading be more and more from the best books, — books that will be helpful to us in all the relations of life. "Get wisdom, get understanding; for the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold."

ADDRESS OF THE REV. DANIEL MARVIN.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies, and Gentlemen.

May I depart from the tenor of the remarks thus far made, for the purpose of having variety in these very interesting exercises? Leaving to others, then, local allusions, it may not be out of place now to speak of literary things, in order to connect our speeches with one of the main designs of the present occasion. And I am quite certain that the honored and worthy soldiers present will overlook in me any seeming inattention to them, for the following reasons: Others have been assigned to do them honor; and in other places, on public occasions, I have gladly rendered my tribute of praise for their valuable services to their country, as well as hoped and prayed for the welfare of their families and themselves.

It seems appropriate, in opening a public library, to cast a look abroad over the world, and see what has been done in the way of making libraries for literature. Even in a considerable view, only a part of this great field can be spoken of.

And ordinarily, a general reader of books would not be very likely to care much to explore great libraries, nor would every scholar. Not long ago I went through the library of one

of our colleges; and, on that occasion, the guide who showed me up and down the alcoves remarked that it was not so large as some other collections of books, but it had been well selected. Doubtless he meant to have me understand, that the subjects which are ordinarily examined have much light shed upon them from his shelves; but as knowledge is extensive, he would leave room for the inference that the sources of it must be sought out in other places.

However, those whom we call bookworms are not so easily satisfied, at least not until they see all literature that is hidden, like sweet juices inside the bark of sweet trees, between cloth, or russet, or morocco, or vellum, or other nice covers.

The connoisseur is unlike both. In study, he resembles Napoleon in war, and endeavors to occupy more territory. But the bookworm rummages for books in the same temper of mind the philosopher Montaigne had when absent seventeen months from his native France. Journeying on horseback there for several days, he found himself one day where he had started from the day before. His valet called his attention to the circumstance, and received this answer, — that it was no matter where they had been, so long as they had kept a-going. However, in this intelligent audience, met together in the interest of books, both the general reader and the scholar cannot fail to be interested to the extent of taking simply a bird's-eye view of the world's leading great and celebrated libraries.

In the first place, then, the majority of existing libraries were founded during the past four or five centuries. Of course, great collections of books and manuscripts were made before that. I do not pretend to be accurate, or to include in my estimate all the books there are. But the countries I shall name stand in the following order as related to libraries, — the volumes in them, I should say. To approximate, then: —

	VOLUMES.
The German Empire has	14,000,000
Great Britain and Ireland	10,000,000
France and Italy, each	7,000,000
United States	5,500,000
Austria	4,500,000
Russia	2,500,000
Spain	1,000,000
Switzerland, Holland, Denmark, Iceland, Norway, Sweden, Portugal, Greece, Egypt, India, China, Japan, British Colonies, and South America, in all about	5,500,000

Cold Iceland and storied Egypt compete for the least number of collected books, and Iceland wins by a thousand volumes.

These fifty million volumes had buildings and halls and alcoves and shelves provided for them, for the most part after the fifteenth century, and were gathered up out of the four quarters of the globe.

Now, as to libraries that are open to the people.

In the United States, France, Germany, and Italy, more libraries are open to the people than in England. Libraries are not open to the people in either Norway or India.

Now, as to the number of volumes in some leading libraries.

	VOLUMES.
The National Library, Paris (the largest in the world),	2,290,000
The British Museum	1,500,000
St. Petersburg	1,000,000
Munich	1,000,000
Berlin	750,000
Strasburg and Leipsic, each	500,000
Eighty libraries of the world have each . . .	100,000
Not a few have over	300,000

The Vatican Library at Rome (the oldest extant, and founded in the fifth century) is not so large as three at Washington, Cambridge, and Boston.

Exeter Library, England, is next in age to that in the Vatican, and was founded in the year 900. In eleven libraries at Paris there are three and a half million volumes; in England it takes seventy-six libraries to reach that figure. Those which I have named do not eclipse, in old, scarce, and rich material, many smaller collections. A small library, like a case or cabinet of golden finger-rings, in which a ruby, an emerald, a sapphire, or a diamond shines, contains now and then a book of great price. For example, in Bristol, England, the

College Library of twelve thousand volumes is the depository of the only known copy of the first edition of Tyndale's New Testament. Special collections of books are more numerous in Europe than in America; for example, in Paris is a library of eighty thousand volumes of military books.

For fine buildings where books are kept, Versailles and Florence are noted.

Some curious thoughts are connected with this sort of knowledge, — knowledge of libraries, I mean. In the books we are informed of one library, in Europe somewhere, I think, "that has stopped growing." It is a poor place to live where knowledge has come to a period. Christopher Columbus had a son by the name of Fernando. The father founded civilization in the New World, and the son founded a library of eighteen thousand volumes in Seville in Spain. It seems that they used to chain books to the desks. Trinity Hall Library, of seven thousand volumes, at Cambridge in England, was founded in the year 1350; and the desks to which the books in it were chained then are there now.

Again, in books descriptive of these facts, extremes meet. Brazenose Undergraduates' Library of a thousand volumes joins on to the mammoth Bodleian Library of four hundred thousand volumes. The Worcester, the Wrexham, and the York are three English libraries in a row, like a silver dollar and a twenty-five-cent piece, with a half-dime shut in between them: for the middle one has about five hundred volumes, and the

other two about forty thousand and twelve thousand. Again, not all libraries are open to the public; and it may be said that access to them, as a general thing, in Europe, is as common as it is here. In Königsberg, Germany, students may examine twenty-five volumes at one time, which is not the usual privilege elsewhere. In the Law and History Library at Paris, books are loaned only to judges; in the Manchester (England) Grammar School Library, they are loaned only to boys; in the House of Lords Library, only to peers; in Melk in Austria, the library is open to no one (a private affair altogether). In Bologna, Italy, there is one which is open only in winter. I wish summer would last all the year for some coarse and dull books we have seen.

When Milton, the poorly-paid poet, parted with his poems for a few pounds sterling, that transaction seemed to determine the extent of the demand his work would have; at least, in the book-market, and even in better places. He did not know that, four years before his death, a library was to be founded which, two hundred years after, should be known chiefly as the repository of his own works.

St. Paul's School Library in London has all the Milton editions. One Lily, who wrote a grammar, shares the shelves of this library with Milton's mind's offspring; but he ought not, for who is this Lily? Being dead, he does not speak; but John Milton, — he yet speaketh.

One word as to the fate of books in the past, and how society has been affected by it. Fire, and not rapine, seems to have destroyed many, and others have gone into obscurity along with the people who owned them. In ages prior to our time libraries were few, furnishing an insufficient bond to unite nations. Now, however, one may easily light his way from city to city, o'er all the earth, replenishing his lamp with the oil of knowledge in every considerable place. And we need not fear that those radiant shrines of learning will ever be desolated by fire; for no fire is likely to spread far and wide enough to destroy the printed books that have been gathered together.

As a citizen of Manchester, and an ardent well-wisher of all movements that are designed to benefit it, I can but see, in this elegant and solid building we are here to-day to dedicate, much to awaken the appreciation and gratitude of all our people. Its cost, and its architectural style, which is in accordance with some of the best structures in our country and abroad, will revive in the mind of strangers who may visit us, what they have seen with pleasure elsewhere. And the knowledge of what has been built certainly cannot fail to show us that we are on a par with approved and established things, in our Library Building. And to speak of the unstinted outlay of money here, from the outer wall to the foundation of the building itself, and to the sail-spread galleon on the top of

it, words of course are not wanting; but, in addition to them, many hearts here to-day, along with their thanksgiving, will devoutly pray for God's blessing on the free, bountiful giver, and on his useful and princely gift.

ADDRESS AND POEM OF MR. W. E. WHEATON.

Mr. President, Comrades, Ladies and Gentlemen.

What few words I have to say will be in behalf of the soldiers, and our fallen comrades who are held in remembrance here to-day.

When Nelson signalled through the British fleet at the battle of Trafalgar that England expected every man to do his duty, he had confidence in all his subordinates that their duty would be performed. Had it been otherwise, had the soldiers and sailors neglected their obligations on that occasion, there would be no great monument in Trafalgar Square in London, to-day, in honor of the great British admiral.

And so of all nations. The achievements of their great military leaders have been emblazoned to the world in verse and prose, while the common soldiers on whom the burdens of war bore hardest, and on whose courage and endurance depended the victory, have fallen unwept, unhonored, and unsung. It has been left for our own nation to take the initiative, and not only to honor her great captains, but to honor and hold in remembrance her rank and file as well; hence the soldiers' homes, monuments, and memorial buildings through-

out our land. And in behalf of Post 67, G. A. R., I thank the donor of this building, which is an ornament to the town, and this spacious room where our Grand Army Post can meet for the transaction of its business, and for social interviews, — for his generosity, his patriotism, and his regard for the welfare of his adopted town, and his fellow-citizens of Manchester.

Notwithstanding all that has been done in remembrance of the soldier since the great struggle, few of the present generation can realize the magnitude of the cost of war. Does any one want to know the cost of our country to-day? Let 110,038 "boys in blue" who fell in battle, or died of wounds received in the great struggle, make answer; let 224,586 who died of disease contracted in the army make answer; let 29,725 who died in rebel prisons make answer; let the twenty or more of our own fellow-citizens whose names are on yonder marble tablets, make answer.

Land of freedom, equal rights,
  Of liberty and light,
Our duties are to keep thy shield
  And altar-fires bright;
To hold in trust that priceless boon
  Our fathers' blood has sealed,
And brothers' blood shed freely since
  On many a battle-field.

Is there a son of freedom's soil
  Again would be so base
To raise his hand against the flag, —
  The beacon of our race?
The lesson taught in sacrifice
  Of treasure, hearts, and lives,
Should still endure while manhood lives,
  Or liberty survives.

And while our land united now,
  With peaceful blessings rife,
Let's not forget her former throes,
  Her struggle for her life;
Her soil baptized with youthful blood
  At every foe's advance.
The price of liberty is still
  Eternal vigilance.

To save our Union, now so prized,
  Through blood and treasure earned,
A score of villagers went forth
  That never have returned.
To them we dedicate this hall,
  Their memory hold in trust;
Their deeds shall live when granite walls
  Have crumbled into dust.

Their names, engraved in marble here,
Shall a reminder be
Of what it cost to keep our land
United, brave, and free.
Yes, truly free, since slavery's curse, —
Our nation's guilt and shame, —
Was purged by Northern valor
From America's fair name.

The cause removed, internal strife
Shall never more pervade
Our country; while a blood-cemented
Union has been made
Of hearts and homes in North and South.
Long may that Union stand,
And long, long, may the stars and stripes
Wave over this broad land!

Land dearly bought and dearly held,
We value it the more.
From old New England's rock-ribbed coast
To the Pacific shore,
From Britain's Arctic boundary-line
To Texas' tropic sun, —
For love of country and the right
May all hearts beat as one;

And hold intact the sacred trust
For millions yet unborn;
A beacon light, a leading on,
To ope a brighter dawn
For the oppressed of every land,
Inspiring in their breasts
Courage to strike for liberty,
For life, and happiness.

This noble gift to our little town
Bespeaks a noble mind.
Thanks for his generosity
And patriotism combined!
As time rolls on, and changes come,
This pile will still remain,
A proud, enduring monument
Forever to his name.

ADDRESS OF REV. D. F. LAMSON.

Mr. Chairman, — Manchester has had many great days. It was a great day for Manchester when a little shallop, some "Watch and Wait," perhaps, dropped down from Salem with the tide, and the first settler, who gave his name to Jeffrey's Creek, stepped his foot on these shores. It was a great day for Manchester, when, nearly two hundred and fifty years ago, it obtained its Act of Incorporation, and began its corporate life. It was a great day for Manchester when the Lyceum was founded, inaugurating that remarkable era of intellectual activity in the town, and of which we have heard this afternoon. It was a great day for Manchester, when, twenty-six years ago, the young men of Manchester, at the call of their country, rallied around the flag, and went forth, with prayer and benediction, to the defence of the Union and of liberty. It was a great day for Manchester, when, four years later, some of them returned, scarred with battle, and worn with disease, to receive the grateful plaudits of their fellow-citizens. This is a great day for Manchester, when we meet to dedicate this substantial and elegant building, so perfect in all its arrangements, to sentiments of patriotism and to good learning.

The free public library is a comparatively modern institution. Its germs may be traced in Europe about the time of the Reformation. It has been reserved, however, for free America to inaugurate and carry out successfully the idea of a free public library on a strictly popular basis. Forty years ago, there was not a public town library in this country or in Great Britain. Now such libraries are multiplied by hundreds; and the time cannot be distant when a good library, established on a broad and generous basis, free to all persons of suitable age, will be considered as indispensable to the well-being of a community as good schools. As a means of intellectual culture, a well-selected and well-managed library can hardly be over-estimated. Good books bring us into fellowship with the best minds of the ages, "those sceptred spirits that still rule us from their urns." A free public library is everywhere a civilizing institution; its very presence in a town is a refining influence; its constant effect will be to elevate the conversation and manners, and to improve the social life, of the people. A good library is worth more than a police force. Young men who form a taste for good literature do not, as a rule, crowd our drinking-places and haunts of vice, or furnish candidates for our jails and penitentiaries. [The speaker also referred to the value of works of reference to artisans and scholars, and expressed his confidence in the high character of the books in general selected for the Library.]

ODE BY MRS. LUTHER F. ALLEN.

We come to dedicate this place, 'mid autumn's brilliant reign,
From tessellated marble floor, to quaint historic vane.
The summer days went flying past, as stone by stone it grew,
Until, from seeming chaos, came this monument to view.
A monument of human skill, this noble building stands,
A monument munificent, from generous donor's hands.
But failing here full justice with my meaning to combine,
Yon radiant window tells the tale, in fitter words than mine.

So we dedicate this building, — to loyalty and truth,
To virtue of the purest type to stimulate our youth,
To a better understanding of our duties, man with man,
To a loftiness of purpose, in accord with God's great plan.
And what shall be the record which the future years will bear
To the generations coming, who shall take their load of care?
God grant it be a message that will bring no shame to scan
To the cheek of purest maiden, or the brow of noblest man.

Let us linger for a moment in this noble alcoved hall,
Where Wisdom soon will spread her feast, and welcome give to all.
In through those wide-thrown portals, forbid that aught proceed
To shatter or dethrone our trust in Him who knows our need.

In this rich storehouse of knowledge, we may gather day by day
The garnered thought of ages, which will well our search repay:
And while we spend our time and strength o'er folio and tome,
May we not forget the only Book which guides the traveller home.

Here Science digs beneath the earth, or threads the ocean through,
Or links with bold invention, in projects strange and new.
Here philosophers may ponder, and theorists surmise;
Here travellers bring us wondrous sights, and are to us as eyes.
About the page of history a wreath of romance twines,
Which reminds us that in forests there are oaks and graceful vines.
Here Poesy and Fancy their jewels fling about,
And close at hand, and often heard, the children laugh and shout.

Now into the presence-chamber of the loyal dead we come,
Who fought with might for truth and right, for liberty and home;
Who, when their country called for them, and naught else would suffice,
Laid themselves upon her altar, a bleeding sacrifice.
We hush our merry laughter, for their presence fills the air,
While their names look down upon us from these sculptured marbles fair.
To-day this room we consecrate to the loyal living men
Who have shared with them the battle, and the wretched prison pen;
Who, when the conflict ended, returning from the war
With shattered health, and missing limb, and many a painful scar,
Yet while they live, unfalteringly will every loyal son
Stand by the dear old flag, to keep our country always one.

Now, what have we to render for this truly princely gift?
Our thanks are all inadequate; of words we're quite bereft.
We take the trust, accept the gift; we'll guard it well with care;
'Twill still be new when all of us immortal garments wear.
And while we never can forget 'twas builded for our sakes,
May the blessing be abundant unto him who gives or takes.

ADDRESS OF MAJOR RUSSELL STURGIS, JUN.

I PREFER rather to trust myself to the inspiration of this occasion than to make any preparation to speak. Nearly thirty years ago I came to this place, an *avant-courier* of the flock from the city, which has now taken possession of the shore. Being so early an arrival, and now for many years a citizen of the town, identified with all its interests, I may speak as representing both classes. I can enter very fully into the feelings of those who "to the manor born" were always here, and I can appreciate the very natural annoyance with which they have seen the land taken possession of by others. There is a sense in which every man has an ownership in the views upon which his child eyes have gazed and dreamed, and the fields and woods of his childhood's feet with its linked memories of

> "the house where I was born,
> The little window where the sun came peeping in at morn,"

"the old arm-chair," and "the old oaken bucket which hung in the well." This is an ownership which is distinct from title-deed, and which they can neither give nor take away. Our true ownership is limited only by our powers of appro-

priation. The legal owner of hundreds of acres may be a poor man compared to his hired laborer. For many years after my coming here, Gale's Point was practically mine. I wandered over the land at will, fished from its rocks, and kept my boats in its coves. The land has been bought, cut up into lots, and covered with houses. I cannot rid myself of the idea that my rights have been invaded. If this be my feeling after less than thirty years, is it a wonder that those whose ancestors have occupied these shores for a century and more should chafe under its transfer to strangers? No, sir, we have taken from them what is beyond money value. We owe them much, and any return we can make will still fall short of its equivalent. Still, fellow-citizens, we on our part must not fail to appreciate and to acknowledge the many advantages which this influx of strangers has brought us. We see it in the employment of numbers of men and women, the enlargement and improvement of our stores, the lighting and watering of our streets, the pecuniary ability to make further improvements, yet with less taxes; with the improvement also of buildings, and to-day in the completion of the beautiful one we now occupy, the munificent and judicious gift of an adopted citizen, where the best opportunity for mental improvement is combined with a memorial to those who threw themselves into the breach to preserve the country, and so rendered possible the continuance of those quiet pursuits which will here be followed. So let us acknowledge our

mutual dependence and advantage in this connection "for richer for poorer." Let us continue, with mutual respect, to appreciate this happy union. Let also the careful conservatism of the past continue to keep us from wasting the money of our rich partner, which has set our burdened neighbor clamoring for divorce.

I have been asked by my comrades to say a few words in their behalf. In their name I thank you, Mr. donor, for furnishing in this building a memorial of our companions who gave their lives for the country, and a trysting-place for us who have returned to enjoy the results bought by much hardship, suffering, and some wounds, but the memory and scars of which only now remain to be the theme of many an evening speech at the "camp-fire" in telling here how fields were won.

Comrades, these memories are becoming very dear to us as time reduces our ranks, and leaves the fewer to share them.

ADDRESS OF MR. ALBERT E. LOW.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen.

In connection with this interesting occasion, my mind travels back in the history of this enterprise, to that surprising defeat which left us to silence and darkness. But a good Providence designed that a glad morning should dawn upon that night, and a sun more auspicious than the sun of Austerlitz should arise to give light and glory to a new day. It is related that a certain man, in a dream, passed from these earthly shades, and entered the portals of the world beyond. Passing around, under the conduct of a guide, he discovered in the distance a great commotion. On inquiring, he was informed that a rich man had just come in. "Why," said he, "I did not know that rich men came to this place." The guide replied that it was an event of rare occurrence, and when one of them got there they made a great time. We make a great time to-day over an event that perhaps finds no parallel in the history of our country. Such is our nature, that, in our attempts to do a great deed or make a public benefaction, we are turned aside by the thought that some unworthy person may reap a benefit, or that men of

ample means would thereby have their wealth increased. To all this, our friend forms a noble exception. Like the bird let loose in Eastern skies, he soars above all idle warblers; and having a clear conception of the work that should be done, and knowing, by the drift of affairs, that the desired object cannot be attained, he decides, that, if no objection should be made, he will do the work himself; and nobly has he executed the self-imposed task.

We look away to our Father above, burdened with his mercies, and imploringly ask, "What shall we render for all thy kindness?"

So we turn to our generous friend, appreciating the magnitude of his gift, with no price in our hand, and thanks are but poor things.

THE FOLLOWING PIECE,

From "Voyage of Good Ship Union," by Dr. O. W. Holmes, was sung by a choir, under the direction of David B. Kimball, Esq.

'Tis midnight; through my troubled dream
  Loud wails the tempest's cry.
Before the gale, with tattered sail,
  A ship goes plunging by.
What name? Where bound? The rocks around
  Repeat the loud halloo.
The good ship Union, southward bound;
  God help her and her crew!

And is the old flag flying still,
  That o'er your fathers flew,
With bands of white and rosy light,
  And field of starry blue?
Ay, look aloft! Its folds full oft
  Have braved the roaring blast,
And still shall fly, when from the sky
  This black typhoon is past!

The good ship Union's voyage is o'er;
  At anchor safe she swings;
And loud and clear, with cheer on cheer,
  Her joyous welcome rings.
Hurrah! hurrah! It shakes the wave,
  It thunders on the shore;
One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
  One Nation, evermore!

ADDRESS OF MR. NATHAN B. SARGENT.

Mr. Chairman, — It is my desire to discharge every duty in the way that will be most satisfactory to parties concerned; so I have very carefully considered how I can make my remarks, at this time, most satisfactory to this audience; and have come to the very humiliating conclusion that there is only one possible chance for me, and that lies in extreme brevity.

I do not know how one could live in a town as many years as I have in this, and be engaged in the work that I have been engaged in, without having a heart full of good feelings, if not a head full of good thoughts, on such an occasion as this. The public school and the public library are not enemies arrayed against each other, but warm friends. They are co-workers. They have one aim, — intelligence and character. We believe there is much truth in the old adage, "Tell me with whom you associate, and I will tell you what you are." And is not the more modern one equally true, "Show me the books your boy is to read, and I will show you the man your boy is to be"? Some one has said, "Every man is a part of every book he has read." Surely, then, no

town can show too great an interest in her library, and no parent can have too much concern about the books his child reads. The library carries its influence into every family, and is a power for good wherever established. As our grand old sea, an ocean of waters deep and wide, whose waves "break, break, break at the foot of thy crags," and along the shore, changing ever the lightly shifting sands and the hardest rocks, gives form and character to the whole coast, — so the library is an ocean of thought deep and wide, whose waves break upon the minds and hearts of the people, changing ever, more rapidly the youth, like waves upon the sand; more slowly manhood, like waves upon the rocks; giving intelligence and character to the whole community.

The first library of which we have any account, laying aside the "libraries of clay" as some one has styled the inscribed bricks and tiles of the Assyrians and Babylonians, was founded by one of the Egyptian kings, and had upon it this inscription: "The storehouse of medicine for the mind." The latest library of which we have any account begins its history to-day. And over the entrance to this storeroom of medicine for the mind is the very appropriate inscription, which for this occasion we will give the free and brief translation: "Choose wisely; brief the act, eternal the result."

You will find in this storehouse a great variety of medicines; medicines weak and medicines strong, pleasant to take and hard to take. You will find the tonics that will

give vigor to the mind. You will find the stimulants that will excite to greater mental activity; and the opiates that will put you to sleep, and if you take too much you will never wake up from the mental stupor. You will find wisdom in homœopathic doses, and wisdom in allopathic doses; choose wisely, and take your medicine regularly.

We have met to-day to dedicate this beautiful building. And it is with heartfelt gratitude to him who has so greatly honored Manchester, that we dedicate it to the memory of the soldier, and to the intelligence of our village. And every soldier and his children's children, and every lover of light and truth and knowledge, will hold in great honor and esteem the giver of this elegant Memorial Hall and "store-house of medicine for the mind."

ADDRESS OF REV. C. A. BARTOL, D.D.

Mr. Chairman, — If we be, or belong to, a human race, progress is implied in our nature; and this town, after many steps, takes a long stride to-day. First it was a settlement, place of a camp, as the name of Manchester in England and America means. The men once here had the hoe in one hand, and the gun in the other. The earth-works still remain on Glass Head and Norton's Neck, behind which they lay ready for the fight. Next, Manchester was a fishery. Sixty sail of vessels, large and small, went from this port. The wharves and stone steps for the landing of their freight may still be seen, and the old houses, decayed or transformed, in which it was stored. Then Manchester became a factory, ringing with the stroke of hammer, humming with the busy plane and saw. But the fisheries have gone to Gloucester, and the factories to Boston, or elsewhere in the neighborhood, save some handsome remnants of work in shops, or spoils of food from the deep. Lastly, Manchester, in our day, has become a splendid watering-place, known as such throughout the United States; so she finds gold eagles stitched into her dress. The old inhabitants may be pardoned for regretting,

and looking sometimes wistfully back to the former days, contrary to the Scripture caution, thinking or calling them better than these. But with this dedication the village starts ahead, and has a prospect of improvement without end. The donor of the building has done more than any other man to harmonize all the diverse elements of its population. I join heartily in your thanks to him for his unstinted bounty. Yet all the credit of this fine achievement before our eyes does not belong to him. There was another person once frequenting these shores, who has a title to our gratitude, too; he divides with our benefactor the merit of the munificent deed we celebrate. In him a native instinct of kindness was transfigured into courtesy of manners, so cordial, continual, and exquisite, that everybody who met him knew it was the spontaneous outflow of his heart. If there be aught in blood running out of others' veins into our own, that man deserves, here and now, part of our tribute. He was the father of Mr. Coolidge. I respond to the warm recognition of the soldiers of the Grand Army of the Republic, to whom the particular room in which we are assembled is, so long as they may have occasion to use it, set apart. Seventy men from my own church went to the war. The granite steps of the temple looked red to my eyes, as not a few of them were brought home dead. I lost some of my blood with theirs. My heart beats and my head bows to the survivors of the host which, under God, saved the nation. But the blood that flows in us may be as generous as that which flows out.

DEDICATION PRAYER BY REV. E. P. TENNEY.

[It was prefaced by the statement that the south-western corner of the Library Building stands within the limits of the earliest burial-place in this town, where the bodies of the first settlers were laid away for their long repose.]

Infinite Father and Friend! Upon this spot, made sacred by the dust of the fathers, we dedicate this building to the memory of our dead soldiers and in honor of the living soldiers; to the education of our youth, and the use of the students of the future; to the gathering of a good selection of enduring books adapted to building up a national life which will endure through the ages; for the gathering of the lives of heroes, of the history of the nations, of books upon the science and art of government, of the works of those whose business it is to study the revelation thou hast made of thyself in the natural world, and thy revelation in the soul of man, in conscience and moral life, and of thy written revelation; for the gathering of the story of moral heroes, and all that pertains to society and song, to poetry and art, and all that is good, beautiful, and true.

To thee we dedicate this enduring gift. May it stand for thine honor through the centuries.

Bless thou this house, him who built it, this town's people, our homes, our Grand Army Post, our town officers, our Library Committee.

Abide thou in this house, O Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, and let this house be upon the earth one of thy many mansions.

And to thy name shall be the praise and the honor, now, and in the world without end. Amen.

The services were closed by singing the Doxology.

DEED OF GIFT.

Know all men by these presents, that I, Thomas Jefferson Coolidge of Manchester, in the County of Essex and Commonwealth of Massachusetts, in consideration of my interest in the welfare of the said Town, and in the purposes to which the gift herein made is to be devoted, do hereby freely give, grant, transfer, and convey unto the inhabitants of the Town of Manchester, the building recently erected by me, in said Town, situated on the corner of Church Street and Union Street.

To have and to hold the same to the inhabitants of the Town of Manchester to their own use forever, to be maintained and dedicated by said Town, so long as said building shall stand, to the uses and purposes herein set forth; viz.,—

The central hall thereof as a memorial hall and monument to the soldiers and sailors of the Town, who sacrificed their lives in the late war in defence of the Union and the Nation;

The westerly room, and ante-room adjoining, for the use of Allen Post 67 of the Grand Army of the Republic, so long as that organization shall exist, under the management of veterans of the war.

The remainder of said building (together with the said westerly room and ante-room whenever said Post shall discontinue the use thereof) for a Free Public Library for the use of the inhabitants of the Town.

In testimony whereof I have hereto set my hand and seal this twelfth day of October, A.D. eighteen hundred and eighty-seven.

T. JEFFERSON COOLIDGE.

Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

Essex ss., Oct. 13, 1887.

Then personally appeared the above-named Thomas Jefferson Coolidge, and acknowledged the foregoing to be his free act and deed.

Before me,

GEORGE F. ALLEN,

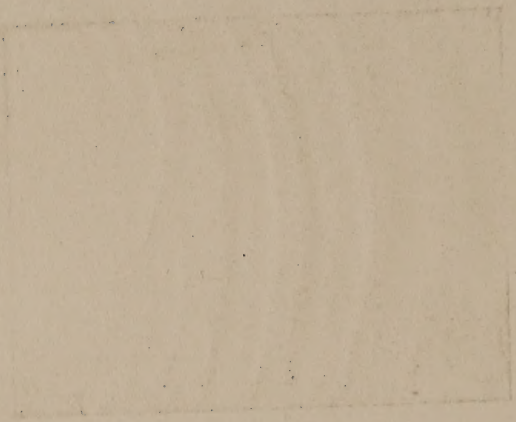
Justice of the Peace.

The words "under the management of the veterans of the war" were added before acknowledgment.

GEORGE F. ALLEN,

Justice of the Peace.

RAND·AVERY·CO



(Mar., 1887, 20,000)

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY.

One volume allowed at a time, and obtained only by card; to be kept 14 days (or seven days in the case of fiction and juvenile books published within one year) without fine; not to be renewed; to be reclaimed by messenger after 21 days, who will collect 20 cents besides fine of 2 cents a day, including Sundays and holidays; not to be lent out of the borrower's household, and not to be transferred; to be returned at this Hall.

Borrowers finding this book mutilated or unwarrantably defaced, are expected to report it, and also any undue delay in the delivery of books.

*** No claim can be established because of the failure of any notice, to or from the Library, through the mail.

The record below must not be made or altered by borrower.

CANCELLED.

J MAR 29

J MAR 12